

Shenandoah

Vol. XII, No. 1

Autumn, 1960

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GERMAN NUMBER

(*in English translation*)

FICTION

Ilse Aichinger

Heinrich Böll

Wolfgang Hildesheimer

Hermann Kasack

Paul Schallück

POETRY

Ingeborg Bachmann

Karl Krolow

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ESSAYS

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THE WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY REVIEW

Vol. XII

Autumn, 1960

No. 1

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This number of *Shenandoah* attempts to offer an introduction to some of the best contemporary German writing, along with essays which illuminate the cultural situation in present-day West Germany. While the writers represented may not be as well known in the United States as they deserve to be, at home they are numbered among the Federal Republic's most distinguished authors. The poetry and essays have not appeared in print before, while the stories are published for the first time in English translation.

The Editor wishes to express his gratitude to Dr. Richard Mönnig, Director of INTER NATIONES in Bonn, and to his able assistant Fraulein Sigrid Lanzrath, for their invaluable aid in securing the stories, poems, and essays that make up this issue of *Shenandoah*. The choice of the material, of course, was entirely in the hands of the Editor. He wishes also to thank his colleagues whose English versions give the lie to the Italian proverb that translator and traitor are synonymous.

WILLIAM W. PUSEY, III



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The South Portal of the Cologne Cathedral . . . *opposite page*

Ewald Matare (b. 1887 near Düsseldorf, distinguished sculptor of public monuments in the pre-Nazi and post-Nazi periods.)

ERRATA

We regret the following misprints:

INTRODUCTORY NOTE	line 9—instead of <i>Frailein</i> read <i>Fräulein</i>
TABLE OF CONTENTS	line 4—instead of <i>Pointek</i> read <i>Piontek</i>
	line 6—instead of <i>Buchmann</i> read <i>Bachmann</i>
PAGE 6 . . .	line 21—instead of <i>law</i> read <i>lay</i>
PAGE 22 . . .	line 6—instead of <i>its</i> read <i>ist</i>

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Shenandoah

Vol. XII

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No. 1

Wolfgang Hildesheimer

TIME OFF*

For some time Adrian had been waking at the break of day. Sleep left him like a lifting fog, and now here he was, shifted into the twilight of reality. Try as he would to escape back into this sleep, to snatch one lingering wisp of that cloudy mist, he could not. Wakefulness crept up his legs and drew his body taut. And then he lay there as the threads of reality knotted together in his consciousness, tying yesterday to today and making any escape henceforth impossible. The steadily increasing daylight brought daily activities closer and their routine, in which he was so often on the verge of being swallowed up—or so it seemed to him.

Even now, on the morning of a day whose schedule was filled with important appointments, these thoughts occupied him. He was jolted from them by the telephone's ring. At the same time came a knock on the front door. Which to answer first? So the day was already beginning with a dilemma, Adrian thought. And he was about to open the door and ask the knocker to wait until he had answered the telephone, but it occurred to him that he was only scantily clad. He left the knocking to take care of itself and went to the telephone.

It was Mariella, calling from the city to invite him to a supper. Adrian thanked her and said he'd be delighted to come. Then he explained to her why he couldn't possibly carry on their usual lengthy conversation and hung up. But the knocking had stopped. He went to the door and saw that it had been only the postman.

*Reprinted (in translation) from *Lieblose Legenden*, 1952, by permission of Deutsche-Verlags-Anstalt GmbH., Stuttgart.

Hildesheimer was born in Hamburg in 1916, studied in Germany and England. First interested in painting, he turned to writing in 1950. He is the author of numerous satirical or grotesque radio plays.

So he had probably got up later than ordinarily. His clock had stopped. He had forgot to wind it, as he so often did of late. He took the mail from the box. It consisted of four pages of printed matter inviting him to purchase gilt-edged, five per cent mortgage bonds, and a package, probably a book to be reviewed. Adrian had expected some important letters, but their failure to arrive made no difference. He threw the mortgage advertisement into the wastebasket and stuck the book in his overcoat pocket for reading on the train. Then he went to the wardrobe to dress with care.

To reach the city, which Adrian usually visited once a week, he had to cover the five miles to the nearest little market town on foot or on his cycle and from there travel an hour by train. It was an especially warm November morning. Although it had been frosty in the early hours, the air was still full of late summer's spicy tang, and Adrian had therefore intended to walk to the station. But now, since he was late, he rode his cycle. However, on passing the village church, he saw by the steeple clock that it was not later than usual and so he could have walked. That's why he rode slowly, enjoying the final warmth offered so late in the year. Only upon arriving at the station and learning that he had missed the train did he remember that the steeple clock had long since stopped; indeed it was even probable that for some months the clockwork had been gone.

On the bulletin board he read that the next train left in an hour. He took his cycle to the storage shed and went into the tavern across the street.

Sitting here in the empty taproom with his back stretched toward the tiled stove and sipping the gentian tonic which he had ordered, he felt a restful feeling come over him such as he had not experienced for days, even for months, it seemed. He reveled in physical comfort as if in a warm bath and looked out into the November sun which shone into the room through the tree skeletons.

Suddenly an unwelcome thought bobbed up. He tried to grasp it (what could it be?) and after a few minutes he did: Mariella. He had forgotten the date and time of her supper party, or rather he had once again not listened properly. He would have to call

her up again; but not now. He didn't want to interrupt this time off. But real repose did not return.

When it seemed time to him, he got up and went to the station. But neither travelers nor railway officials were to be seen. Outside the station two boys were running the rails, trying to fly a kite. Two freight cars stood on the siding. They had always stood there. "Home station Kassel" was written on them. How might they have come here? Adrian thought.

He waited a few minutes, then went to the ticket window and inquired whether the ten forty-one train were no longer running. The official looked at him a moment in silence and then said—his voice sounded sad but stern—that this train never had run weekdays, only Sundays. Today, however, was Tuesday. And in addition it only ran in summer as it had an observation coach. If you knew how to read, all that information was available in black and white on the bulletin board.

"Yes, yes, an observation coach," Adrian said, and since suddenly, as so frequently in such situations, he felt inclined to joke, he added that his instinct for observation was not very highly developed. But the man had slammed his little window shut. Contact with officialdom was again broken off.

Adrian went to the bulletin board to discover a train running even in winter, and he found one. The crossed hammers after the departure time (five fifty-seven p.m.) indicated that it ran on weekdays, too,—he knew that.

Now he went back to the inn and with an uneasy feeling, of course, for now all his appointments had become untenable, but on the other hand with a light heart, for he intended to continue his time off arbitrarily. Explanations and apologies came later. In case Mariella's party were taking place this evening, which naturally was possible, he would still arrive on time. For he must not miss that. It was more important than everything else. He would call Mariella up. But not now.

In the taproom he sat down again in the same place and ordered his midday meal from the proprietress. She was glad to see him again, as he had forgot to pay for the gentian. When asked what he wanted to eat, he replied gaily that he was so hungry he could swallow a whole horse. The proprietress said

that whole horses weren't on the menu. Then, Adrian said, he would confine his choice within the limits of what was offered. What was offered was a cutlet.

While Adrian waited for the food, he remembered the book in his overcoat pocket. He unwrapped it. It was called "On Sunny Paths." He opened it dispiritedly. On the dust-jacket was written, "This collection of cheerful poems will provide solace for all those oppressed by everyday . . ." He put the book down quickly.

When the proprietress brought the food, he asked her if there were a telephone in the house. There was none.

Late afternoon found Adrian still in the tavern. The sky had become overcast, and the clouds over toward the mountains promised snow. The mountain peaks were veiled. Adrian had sat in the empty taproom and had drunk several glasses of gentian to calm his increasing uneasiness. They had tired him. He had been unable to force upon himself the decision to sit on the train for an hour towards the end of dusk. He had given those "sunny paths" a try, but the cheerful humor manifest in them had made him feel dull and listless. So he had asked the proprietress to assign him a room, and when the afternoon train left the station, Adrian lay in a deep sleep.

When he awoke the next day, deep snow lay on the ground. Around him everything was quiet. His feeling of repose had returned. He dressed and went downstairs. There, as she put the breakfast on the table, the proprietress informed him that because of the sudden, unexpected snowfall, the railway had had to suspend service in this section. Adrian took this news calmly and asked her to heat his room.

In the afternoon he thought of telephoning to the city from the station to explain the situation to his friends, and especially to Mariella. But after some consideration he abandoned this idea. He should have done that yesterday, for the call would have been the immediate and, as he now admitted to himself, the really natural reaction to this unusual coincidence of accident and negligence. At any rate, his appointments were all long since untenable, and the supper party perhaps was over. He almost became cheerful at the thought of the worrying that people would do on his account. No decision was needed for him just to stay here for

this next round of time. If the train wasn't running, the roads were all the more impassable.

But on the next day the thought of Mariella gained a firm footing and could not be suppressed. He decided to call her and waded to the station through the snow. Some workers were there, busy removing iron bars which separated the railroad platform from the highway. Their work progressed smoothly and silently in the deep snow. The telephone booth, previously attached to the iron railing, had disappeared. He decided to make no inquiry into this circumstance.

Two days later Adrian walked through the snow-covered town to make some purchases. In so doing, he noticed a lack of activity. Few people were to be seen in the streets. He attributed this to the deep snow. But when he later mentioned his observation to the proprietress, she said that the town had decreased in population within the last few months since the possibilities of employment were constantly becoming scantier. She too would soon leave.

How would it be, Adrian thought, to live in a totally deserted little market town? The thought of such strange, voluntary isolation gave rise to the kind of wild ideas over which he lingered so often and with such pleasure. Nevertheless he decided once again to take a look at the bulletin board. No strings attached. He would withhold any decision to leave. And one day—it was warmer again and there had been a thaw—he went over to the station. The bulletin board had disappeared. He knocked at the ticket window. Nobody opened it. Uneasily he walked through the open gate to the platform. Some workers were there, dismantling the rails.

"What are you doing there?" he cried, as if to stop someone from performing an ill-considered deed. Now Adrian learned that for lack of use the railroad line was being transferred elsewhere. So the town was no longer on the railroad. And indeed, the station and its grounds already lay waste, a part of the building was carried off, the glass removed from the windows, which were now black holes making it look like a ruin. The posters were torn off, the signs that told people what not to do were gone. Even the two freight cars had disappeared. They had probably returned home to Kassel.

Now fear gripped him. He hurried to the storage shed to get

his cycle. It was still standing there, wet and filthy. He quickly pulled it toward him and without looking around, rode away. First he had to cover a few difficult kilometers on muddy paths through fields, but then beyond the former underpass, where the tracks were already removed, he turned onto the highway and rode in the direction of the city, where he arrived after several hours. His throat was parched, and sweat was dripping from his temples. He rode in a trance towards Mariella's house, heeding neither traffic lights nor passers-by. He leaned the cycle against the wall and rang the doorbell violently. After a while it was opened; it was Mariella herself.

"Mariella!" he cried, but his voice had lost its tone and it sounded like a sigh.

"As always, you're the last one," she said with a smile and kissed him. "We've all been waiting for you. Furthermore you look as if you'd like to wash up first. But do hurry! Supper is just being served."

—Translated by B. S. STEPHENSON

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Heinrich Böll

THE POSTCARD*

People that don't know me don't understand the care with which I keep a bit of paper that is completely worthless, which simply keeps alive the memory of a certain day of my life and earns me the reputation of a sentimentality which people think unworthy of a man of my education: I am chief clerk in a textile firm. Still I try to defend myself from the charge of sentimentality by ascribing documentary value to this scrap of paper. It is a tiny, rectangular piece of ordinary paper of about the size but not the format of a postage stamp—it is narrower and longer—and although it comes from the post office, it hasn't the least value to a collector. It is edged in a deep red and divided by another red line into two rectangles of different size: in the smaller is an *R* printed in heavy black, in the larger Düsseldorf and a number, the number 634. That is all; and the piece of paper is yellowed, almost worn out, and now since I have described it exactly, I'm going to discard it—a simple registered-mail sticker—the kind every post office uses by the roll.

But this bit of paper reminds me of a day of my life that is really unforgettable, although numerous attempts have been made to wipe it out of my memory. But my memory works too well.

First of all when I think of that day I think of vanilla pudding, a warm and sweet cloud that slipped under my bedroom door and reminded me of my mother's indulgence. I had asked her to make vanilla ice cream on my first day of vacation, and when I awakened, I smelled it.

It was ten-thirty. I lit a cigarette, pushed up the pillow and planned how I would spend the afternoon. I wanted to go swimming: after lunch I would go to the beach, read, smoke, and wait for a little girl from the office who had promised to come to the beach after five.

*Reprinted (in translation) by permission of the author.

Böll, who was born in Cologne in 1917, is considered one of the leading representatives of contemporary German literature. In his novels and stories he is primarily the realistic portrayer of the war and its aftermath of physical devastation and human uncertainty.

In the kitchen my mother was pounding the meat and when she stopped for a moment, I could hear her humming to herself. It was a hymn. I was very happy. On the day before I had passed my examinations for journeyman; I had a good job in a textile factory, a job with prospects of promotion—but now I had a vacation—two weeks of vacation, and it was summer. Outside it was hot, but I still liked the heat then. Through the cracks of the Venetian blind I could see the sun's glare, see the green of the trees in front, hear the street car. And I was looking forward to breakfast. Then mother came to listen at my door; she went through the hallway and stopped in front of my door—for a moment it was quiet in our apartment, and I was just about to call "Mother!" when the doorbell rang. My mother went to the door, and I heard that remarkably high-pitched buzzing of the buzzer downstairs, four, five, six times. My mother was talking outside with Mrs. Kurtz who had the next apartment. Then there was a man's voice, and I knew at once that it was the mailman, although I had heard him only rarely. The mailman came into our hallway; my mother said "What?" and the mailman said "Here—sign please." Then for a moment it was very quiet, the mailman said "Thank you," my mother slammed the door behind him and I heard her go back into the kitchen.

Shortly thereafter I got up and went into the bathroom. I shaved, washed long and thoroughly, and when I turned off the water I heard that my mother had begun to grind the coffee. It was like a Sunday, only on that day I hadn't been to church.

No one will believe me, but suddenly my heart was heavy. I don't know why, but it was heavy. I didn't hear the coffee mill anymore. I dried, put on shirt and pants, socks and shoes, combed my hair and went into the living room. Flowers were on the table—pretty pink carnations. The table was neatly set and on my plate lay a red pack of cigarettes.

Then mother come out of the kitchen with the coffee pot and I saw that she had been crying. She held the coffee pot in one hand, in the other a little bundle of mail, and her eyes were red.

I went to her, took the porcelain pot from her hand, kissed her on the cheek and said "Good morning." She looked at me and said, "Good morning, did you sleep well?" At the same time she tried to smile, but she didn't succeed.

We sat down, my mother poured coffee and I opened the red pack on my plate and lit a cigarette. I suddenly didn't have an appetite any more. I stirred the cream and sugar in the coffee, tried to look at mother, but kept dropping my eyes quickly. "Any mail come?" I asked, although it was senseless because mother's little red hand lay on the small bundle with the newspaper on top.

"Yes," she said, and shoved the pile to me. I opened the newspaper while my mother began to spread butter on a slice of bread for me. On the front page was the headline "Continuing Chicanery against Germans in the Polish Corridor." For weeks now that sort of thing had been on the front pages of the papers. Reports about shooting along the Polish border and about the refugees who had fled from the quarrelsome Poles into Germany. I put the paper down. Then I read the brochure of a wine firm that had often supplied us when father was still alive. Some Riesling or other was being advertised most reasonably. I put the leaflet down.

Meanwhile my mother had the bread and butter ready, put it on my plate and said "Do eat something." She broke out in violent sobbing. I couldn't bring myself to look at her. I can't look at anybody who is really suffering—but now for the first time I understood that it must be something about the mail. It had to be the mail. I stubbed out the cigarette, bit into my slice of bread and took the next letter; as I lifted it I saw that there was a postcard underneath. But I did not see the registered mail label, that tiny scrap of paper that I still keep today and that gets me the reputation of being sentimental. So first I read the letter. The letter was from Uncle Eddy. Uncle Eddy wrote that finally, after long years as an instructor, he had been promoted to senior teacher; to do this, however, he had had to have himself transferred to a tiny place in the Hunsrück area; there was hardly any improvement financially, because the town was so small the job only paid at the lowest level. And his children had had whooping cough, and things generally made him sick, he wrote, we would know why. We knew why; things made us sick too. They made a lot of people sick.

When I went to reach for the postcard, I found that it was gone. My mother had taken it and was holding it before her eyes; I stared at the slice of bread that I'd bitten into, stirred my coffee

and waited. I won't forget that. Only once before had my mother cried so terribly—when my father had died,—and at that time too I hadn't dared to look at her. A shyness for which I knew no name kept me from consoling her.

I tried to eat the slice of bread and butter, but it kept sticking in my throat because I suddenly grasped the fact that only something that concerned me could make mother lose control that way. Mother said something or other that I didn't understand and gave me the card, and now I saw the registered mail sticker, this red-edged rectangle that was divided into two additional rectangles by a red line; the smaller rectangle contained the black *R* and the larger the word Düsseldorf and the number 634. Otherwise the postcard was quite normal. It was addressed to me and on the back it read "Mr. Bruno Schneider; You are to report on 5 August 1939, to the Schlieffen barracks in Adenbrück for a two-month training exercise." The words Bruno Schneider, the date and Adenbrück were typed, everything else was printed, and then under that was a kind of scribble and the printed word "Major."

Today I know that the scribble was superfluous. A signature machine would have done as well. Only the little stuck-on label was important, the sticker for which my mother had had to sign a receipt. I put my hand on my mother's arm and said: "My heavens, only for two months." And my mother said "Oh, that's right."

"Only two months," I said, and I knew I was deceiving her, and my mother dried her tears and said 'Yes, of course,' and we were both deceiving each other without knowing why, but we were and we knew it.

I reached for the bread and butter again, and then it occurred to me that today was the fourth already and that I would have to be 200 miles to the east by tomorrow. I felt how I went pale, and I put the bread down again and stood up without paying any attention to mother. I went into my room, I stood at the desk, I pulled out the drawer, shoved it in again. I looked around; I was aware that something had happened, but didn't know what. The room didn't belong to me anymore, that was all. Today I know it, but then I did senseless things to assure myself that I possessed that room. It didn't make sense for me to rummage around in

the box with the letters, to straighten my books. Before I knew what I was doing I had begun to fill my briefcase—with shirts, underwear, handkerchiefs, socks—and I went into the bathroom to get my shaving things. Mother was still sitting at the breakfast table. She wasn't crying anymore. The slice of bread I had bitten into still lay there; there was coffee in my cup, and I said to my mother "I'm going over to Giesselbach's to call up about when the train leaves."

When I came out of Giesselbach's it was striking twelve. In our hallway I smelled the roast and the cauliflower, and mother had begun to crack ice in a bag for our little ice-cream freezer.

My train left at eight p.m., and I would be in Adenbrück by about six in the morning. It took only 15 minutes to get to the station, but I left at three o'clock. I lied to my mother, who didn't know how long it took to get to Adenbrück.

Those three hours that I spent at home are worse in my memory and seem longer than the whole time I was away later, and that was a long time. I don't know what we did. The food didn't appeal to us. Soon mother took the roast, potatoes, cauliflower and vanilla ice cream back into the kitchen. Then we drank the coffee that was still standing there from breakfast under the yellow tea cozy, and I smoked cigarettes and now and then we exchanged a few words. "Two months," I said, and my mother said, "Yes,—yes, of course." She wasn't crying anymore. For three hours we lied at each other until I couldn't stand it anymore. Mother blessed me, kissed me on both cheeks, and as I closed the front door behind me I knew that she was crying.

I went to the station. Things were humming at the station. It was vacation time; sun-tanned people, brown and happy, were running back and forth. I drank a beer in the restaurant, and finally decided about three-thirty to call up the little girl from the office that I had wanted to meet at the beach.

While I was dialing the number, while the perforated nickel disc kept racing back to its original position—five times—I almost thought better of it, but I dialed the sixth number, and when her voice asked "Who is it?" I was silent for a moment at first, and then I said slowly "Bruno," and "Can you come down? I have to leave for the army."

"Right away?" she asked.

"Yes."

She thought for a moment, and I heard the voices of the others over the phone—they were apparently collecting money to send out for ice cream.

"All right," she said, "I'll come. To the station?"

"Yes," I said.

She came to the station very quickly, and I still don't know to this day, although she has been my wife for ten years now, I still don't know today whether I should regret that phone call. To be sure she kept my job at the firm open for me, aroused my deadened ambition when I came home, and in fact I owe her the fact that the prospects for promotion that the job offered at that time have turned into reality.

But then I didn't stay even with her as long as I could have. We went to a movie, and in that empty, very hot and dark movie I kissed her, although I didn't much want to. I kissed her often, and by six o'clock already I was walking out onto the station platform, although I could have waited until eight. I kissed her once again on the platform, and got onto some train or other that was traveling eastward.

Since then I can't look at a bathing beach without a sense of pain; the sun, the water, the gaiety of the people seem false to me and I prefer to stroll through the city alone in rainy weather and go into a movie where I don't have to kiss anyone any more. My prospects for promotion with the firm are not yet exhausted. I might become an executive, and probably will in accordance with the law of paradoxical inertia. People are convinced that I am devoted to the firm and am going to do something great for it. But I am not devoted to the firm and am not planning anything.

I have often contemplated this registered mail sticker very pensively, for it gave the course of my life a very sudden turn. And when in summer the journeyman's exams take place and afterwards our apprentices come to me with beaming faces to be congratulated, I feel obligated to make a little speech, in which the phrase "prospects for promotion" plays a traditional role.

—Translated by A. G. STEER, JR.

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Paul Schallück

SIXTY PENNIES PER ANCESTOR*

Since at sixteen I was a rather pale and nervous youth, my parents regularly sent me to spend the vacation periods in the country with my minister uncle, my mother's brother. This white-haired, upright man had for I don't know how many years ministered to the community of Gummersdorf, and my mother considered him in every respect highly qualified to exercise a beneficent influence upon my immature and frivolous spirit. Her main hope, however, she reposed in the severity and discipline of my uncle's housekeeper, a woman whose entire nature is epitomized to me today in a bun of hair thickly studded with hairpins.

Her name was Anna, and I called her Aunt, although we had not a drop of blood in common except that from our ancestors Adam and Eve. In order that my stay in the parsonage might have some justification and not be wholly without profit, Aunt Anna persuaded my uncle to commission me to answer the letters from families who had moved away and who were inquiring about their ancestors.

For at that time, you know, the era had begun when people started to concern themselves with their ancestors, not for pious reasons of veneration like the Chinese, but simply to prove the purity of their own blood, and when they belatedly began to examine their forebears with a newly acquired respect for this red fluid. Many a person at this time was suddenly transformed into a new man (a transformation incomprehensible to me) when it turned out that he could trace his lineage back to the time of Wallenstein or even further without a break and with unsullied purity of race.

So in setting up a number of family trees, I was engaged as a peculiar sort of gardener, and for every ancestor that I tracked

*Reprinted (in translation) by permission of S. Fischer Verlag.

Schallück was born in Westphalia in 1922. His novels, stories, and radio plays deal chiefly with personal and social problems of the post-war period and the years immediately preceding it.

down in the musty church ledgers my uncle gave me sixty pennies. For those remote ancestors who antedated the Thirty Years' War I even got a mark. Did my uncle really never ask himself to what temptations and to what strange enticements he was exposing me? In fact I did succumb to them on occasion by cold-bloodedly inventing whole generations who never enjoyed the bewildering bliss of this earthly life but who in their innocence helped improve the state of my pocketbook.

Gradually I began to take pleasure in my occupation, and I would have continued it even if it had not been financially profitable. It was fun for me to study the incoming letters before I began to thumb back through the centuries. I carefully examined the letterheads and the salutations. The latter ran the range between "Right Honorable Sir" and the simple "Dear Pastor" or occasionally were lacking altogether. I listened to the tone of the inquiries, which varied from pleas to threats. I paid particular attention to the final words, the conclusion and complimentary close. I made a number of things hinge on these letter endings. If I encountered a pious, Christian "May God reward you" or "May Heaven repay you," and if the tone of the letter was in harmony with the closing, I gladly set about performing my aforementioned alterations on the family tree—alterations which brought much joy at that time. But if the salutation was lacking, if humility was wanting, and if the letter while proclaiming the superiority of the Nordic race contained the name of the man responsible for all this nonsense and in front of the name a bold, stupid *Heil* that boded ill for the future of the nation, then, may I be forgiven, then I locked the door to my attic room so as not to be disturbed in my irritation and the activity which resulted from it. In such cases I simply cut off the roots of the family tree, or depending on the strength of my emotion, lopped off a few branches, interrupted the current of the red fluid flowing through the centuries and left whole generations in the twilight of the unborn, so that the letter writer had the benefit of a family which was only moderately rooted in time. I do not deny that I felt malicious satisfaction in these undertakings. After all, I was capable of annihilating whole series of ancestors without shedding a drop of blood—literally with the stroke of a pen.

Once the letter of a certain Herr Klaaps irritated me especially. From the letterhead, that of the office of a *Gauleiter*, down to the signature it bore the marks of a stupid pride which was downright insulting to me, who by virtue of my education was in direct opposition to "blue-eyed" and "blonde-skinned" views. A satanic idea took possession of me. There are no other words for it. This time I did not cut the roots of the ancestral tree; rather, I extended them uncommonly far into the past. But I corrected the first names from the great-great-great-grandfather on backwards so that no real harm by deportation could happen to my victim. Thus in my reply to Herr Klaaps I changed "Siegfried" into "Salomon," "Dagobert" into "Daniel," "Arnold" into "Aron," and "Joseph" into "Josua." When my uncle signed the letter, I stood trembling at his side.

To encounter the difficulties that might arise—for I had a feeling that some would arise—I entered the names in the church ledgers. That was no easy job, believe me. The pages were yellowed and the clerks had employed a script that in comparison with modern penmanship, especially my own, bore witness of a much more highly developed sense of form and beauty. I practiced all day long for a week. Furthermore, I had to mix an ink such as was used at that time, and I had to erase or scratch out the old ink very carefully. Of course, I burned the practice sheets as well as the sheets for the final test, which I wrote out on blank pages torn from the church ledger. Finally, with palpitating heart I was able to set about giving Herr Klaaps's lineage my own special twist. I blotted the ink with an old sand-strewing process which I had rediscovered, yellowed the writing by means of a candle, and blew over it some cobwebs I had brought down from the attic for this purpose. I was satisfied. The difficult job was done, and my trained eye could detect no oversight.

It wasn't long until a second letter arrived from the office of the *Gauleiter*. My uncle, apprehensive because of the general political situation, handed it to me with a look of worry. The writer of the letter, by no means the *Gauleiter* himself, had let his rage run away with him. It began with "incredible," continued with "family honor" and "consciousness of race and blood"; it spoke of "error, indeed if not intrigue and jealousy of my political career"

and concluded with the threat that he, Herr Klaaps, would appear "in person" (as if he could have appeared any other way) since he had other business in our district at the same time.

"What do you say to that?" my uncle asked me. I said to go ahead and let him come. I remarked that if the voice of his blood didn't betray to him any knowledge of the strange first names of his ancestors, then he would just have to examine the books and convince himself by seeing black on white. In spite of my well-composed speech my uncle looked forward to the visit with some trepidation. I, too, why shall I hide it?

It was around evening. A chauffeur opened the car door. The completely brown uniform, the fat body, the highly polished brown boots, the fleshy, pink face told me it could only be Herr Klaaps. He waited until the chauffeur had helped a lady in an attractive summer dress to get out and then strode foremost up to the parsonage. In my uncle's study he repeated what he had written in his letter. When my uncle interrupted him to tell him that I alone was responsible for everything that concerned the ancestors, he smiled with relief, presumably because he thought he could deal with me more easily. At first I made no reply to him. I went and got the church books. I kept thumbing through them although I knew the exact places, and finally opened up the offending pages beneath the eyes of our brown guest. He bent over them, read, read for so long that the sweat began to dampen my forehead, leaned back and said at last, "I am ruined!"

These Salomons and Davids and Josuas could put him out of office even though they were in their graves, he continued, for he had some prospect of becoming the deputy of the deputy *Gauleiter*. With a Salomon or an Aron gnawing, so-to-speak, at the roots of his family tree, it was out of the question that his superiors would continue to repose confidence in him. Of course, he expressed himself in shorter sentences and coarser words, in that manner—and I say emphatically, "Thank God!"—which is no longer heard in any of our public offices. Herr Klaps was not merely furious, he was shaken to his depths. And without beating around the bush, he asked my uncle and me whether we didn't see any possibility of sparing him this disgrace, say, by suppressing these first names, yes, suppressing them, he said.

"You expect us," I said, "to falsify the church records? You seem to forget, Herr *Gauleiter*, in whose house you are!" He seemed to contract sitting there on his chair, and his face lost its pink freshness. He began to plead. He tried desperately to gain my sympathy. He humiliated himself and begged, and the charming blonde girl—his secretary, it turned out—sat back in her chair and gave me a sign to remain adamant, not to give in. Thanks to this girl's encouragement, which showed a shrewd and farsighted political sagacity, I remained unyielding before this lamentable and genuinely despairing little man. He turned now to my uncle, who only shrugged his shoulders, and now again to me. "I am sorry, Herr Klaaps," I said. And when he saw that he could do nothing, he stood up like an old man, bowed slightly, said with a sincere expression, "Grüss Gott, Herr Pfarrer," and left.

That night I didn't sleep very well.

—Translated by A. L. LANCASTER

Heinz Piontek

*Besiegelte Heimkehr**

Verkaufe dem,
der dich einlässt,
ehe die Sonne hinter das Meer rollt
und über die hochgebauten Nester der Menschen
die Oede hinwächst,
die nämlich in Bastflaschen,
Zahnlöcken, gelandeten Flugschriften,
schon zwischen den braunen Schulterblättern
steinerner Huren lauert—
verkaufe ihm,
da es doch Abend wird
und über Eselgeschmetter die Positionslichter aufgehn—
verkaufe ihm,
dem lockenhäuptigen
umnachteten Hüter des Südtors,
deine endgültige Ankunft
für drei Stücke
Orangegold.

*Also a short story writer and essayist, Piontek (born in Upper Silesia in 1925) has written poetry frequently characterized by its Christian Existentialism.

Confirmed Homecoming

Sell this to him
Who lets you in,
Before the sun rolls back of the sea
And over the highly placed nests of mankind
The emptiness grows,
Which, namely in bast bottles
Tooth gappings, in come-to-earth flyleaves,
Even between the brown shoulder blades of
Stonelike harlots lurks—
Sell this to him,
Since evening's coming now
And over the asses' warble the navigation lights go up—
Sell this to him,
The curly headed
Benighted keep of the South gate
That you have finally arrived
For three pieces,
Orange-gold.

—Translated by JAMES KEITH SHILLINGTON

Karl Krolow*

*Erinnerung an das Meer**

Jeder hat ein anderes Meer
Im Ohr, im Auge
Ein anderes Salz.
Von der Luft mit einem weissen Mantel
Verhängte Perspektive!

Die Erinnerung its haarlos
Wie der Sand.

Fische Makrelen!
Schneide Wasserpflanzen!
In den Muscheln
Wird es nie still.

Der Phantasie des Gestades
Fiel ein Matrosenlied ein.
Der Nacht war damit
Die Zunge gelöst.

*Born in Hannover in 1915, Krolow is a representative lyric poet of the later post-war period. His poetic development was influenced by Lorca, Auden, and the French surrealists.

Memory upon the Sea

Every man has another sea
In his ear, in his eye
Another salt.
And the air, with its pure mantel,
Obscures perspective!

Our memory is as hairless
As the sand.

Fish for mackerels!
Scythe off water flowers!
Yet the conch shells
Never grow still.

The fantasy of the shore
Is dispelled by the song of a sailor.
The night thereby has
Its tongue cut loose.

—Translated by JAMES KEITH SHILLINGTON

Ingeborg Bachmann

*Geh, Gedanke**

Geh, Gedanke, solang ein zum Flug klares Wort
dein Flügel ist, dich aufhebt und dorthin geht,
wo die leichten Metalle sich wiegen,
wo die Luft schneidend ist
in einem neuen Verstand,
wo Waffen sprechen
von einziger Art!

Die Woge trug ein Treibholz hoch und sinkt.
Das Fieber riss dich an sich, lässt dich fallen.
Der Glaube hat nur einen Berg versetzt.

Lass stehn, was steht, geh, Gedanke!
von nichts anderem als unsrem Schmerz durchdrungen.
Enstprich uns ganz.

*Ingeborg Bachmann was born in Austria in 1926. Symbolic in its expression, her poetry shows a unique blending of pessimistic realism and optimistic acceptance of life.

Go, Thought

Go, thought, as long as flight cleared word
Is your wing, lifts you up and soars with you
Where the light metals are swaying,
Where the air is cut through
With a new understanding,
Where weapons speak
Alone in kind!

A wave caught up the driftwood high and sinks.
A fever raised you up and lets you fall.
And faith has moved but a single mountain.

Let stand, what stands—Go, thought!
Shot through with nothing but our pains.
Represent us.

—Translated by JAMES KEITH SHILLINGTON

K

Karl August Horst

THE ORIENTATION OF THE POSTWAR GERMAN NOVEL*

Paul Valéry says at one point in the marginal notes to his essay on Leonardo da Vinci that historians require of an intellectual phenomenon primarily that it can be reduced to a characteristic formula and that it can be compared easily with others. German literature of the postwar period resists such a design; perhaps on this account it has received insufficient attention thus far. Chronology alone is not sufficient for ascribing particular characteristics to an epoch or generation. For example, the year 1945 is not a critical date as the year 1898 was for Spanish intellectual history in the sense of crystallizing fluid trends and, despite latent or apparent contradictions, incorporating them into an objective structure. For the most part one is restricted in characterizing the previous one-and-a-half decades to distinguishing them from the decade immediately preceding, or to determining what features they lack in comparison with the 1920's. If the result turns out to be as negative as in the writings of the Swiss literary historian Walter Muschg, it is indeed quite possible to speak of a "Destruction of German Literature."

To that it must be objected that the period which we provisionally denote as "postwar" is, to be sure, not mature enough for literary history, which usually considers longer periods, but that literary criticism can perform valuable ground work even now. The literary critic perceives differences and he is also aware that, with regard to postwar literature, it is impossible to speak of an epoch or a generation in the sense of a structural whole. However,

*Written by Dr. Horst for *Shenandoah*.

A native of Darmstadt (1913), Horst after the war became an assistant to Ernst Robert Curtius at Bonn University. Now a free-lance writer, Horst has written critical articles and monographs, stories and a novel, and a history of contemporary German literature.

he is struck by a common characteristic which does not express itself as the striving for a definite goal or ideal, and which can not be defined as an aesthetic or social tendency, but which rather indicates a state of being conditioned by a definite situation. Therefore, it will be our task, first of all, to develop a series of differences in the course of which certain conditions of the situation will become apparent, the situation with which the German writer must come to terms, and then to show what particular position he assumes with regard to this situation.

In contrast to the twenties, the *work*, the *oeuvre*, as the visible product of literary achievement, is no longer the measure of literary wealth. Walter Muschg refers to the fact that in the decade after the First World War the works of an author, even during his lifetime, appeared in a uniform edition and fitted in as part of the growing complex of tradition, while today new works supersede each other in turn. Every older reader remembers even today the white volumes, linen-bound and sparingly gilded, of the collected works of Thomas Mann; the romantic bright blue of the works of Hermann Hesse; or the precious ivory of the edition in which Hugo von Hofmannsthal's dramas and miscellaneous writings began to appear. It was almost a literary "law of nature" according to which the tree of tradition brought forth variously colored fruits. To this noble and select variety which was associated with the idea of civilized decor, there stand opposed today the bare keyboard rows of the pocket-books, on which one can run from Homer and Virgil, from Dante and Petrarch, down to the most topical new-releases, which belong in no particular place, but rather offer themselves to public gaze in their monotonous uniformity.

The row is, however, also the expression of an unusually expanded topicality, and this is the second difference that I shall establish in contrast with the 20's. This expansion results in an unusual displacement. In earlier periods a book was called topical if it posed, at the right moment, undecided questions containing much that was unclear and sought to answer them. Naturally, even at that time, delay played a certain part since the delayed or postponed topicality was in such a case often attributed to the writer as a prophetic gift. But the postponed topicality also had a

pronounced historical relation. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a novel which has in the meantime like Kipling's *Jungle Book* found its way to the nursery, was topical to the extent that it anticipated the future freeing of the slaves. In contrast the word topicality has for us today the sense of a "broad dispersion." *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was some years ago topical in the same sense as *The Plague* by Camus, or *The Greek Passion* by Nikos Kazantzakis. Topicality is concentrated upon points which are not connected by merely historical lines, but which rather make clear the existential situation of each individual. To this extent the success of *Dr. Zhivago* by Boris Pasternak was no literary misunderstanding. André Malraux's model of a "Musée imaginaire" could also be projected today for literature. Literature appears more and more in free, that is in non-historical form, as *littérature imaginaire*, or if one disregards the idea of tradition, as *A-littérature*, to use the expression which Claude Mauriac has coined.

In Germany this disturbed relationship in the course of generations fosters the displacement of works from their historical place. One need only consider that a story by Franz Kafka which was written before the First World War only came into literary consciousness after World War II; that the third volume of *The Sleepwalkers* by Hermann Broch, in which the "decay of values" is set in the year 1918 in order to be topical, had to wait until 1945, the second "year of catastrophes"; that the whole complex of literature in the period between 1900 and 1930 has undergone a far-reaching erosion, a washing away of all cohesive elements to which, for example, the work of Ricarda Huch belongs; and that the early works of Ernst Jünger from the war novel, *In Stahlgewittern*, to the historical-philosophical study, *Der Arbeiter*, seem even today as much fossils as Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*, while his writings and diaries which have appeared since the last war and which treat contemporary events are again the center of discussion.

The form and manner in which the literary production of the just-mentioned era is evaluated and pondered over from the point of view of formal or technical topicality, is in harsh contrast to the viewpoint of literary history. Critical evaluation takes no account of evolution. On the one hand, the critic treats structural

elements and, on the other, figurative elements which fall into fields or patterns. Thus, the literary scholar Walter Höllerer organizes the literature of the nineteenth century in his book, *Zwischen Klassik und Moderne*, not according to historical movements, but according to structural relationships.

Critical evaluation of the preceding generation suffers from a three-fold disadvantage: literature after 1945 has no forerunner which alone could make the claim to represent the tradition. The tradition is split, and to be sure arbitrarily and forcibly, for reasons which have no justification in the literature itself. The literature of the emigrés (from Nazism) represents a direction which bears tangentially away from the situation which began in 1933. In so far as it became topical again after the war, which was in a shamefully limited degree in relation to its importance, it was regarded from a stylistic viewpoint, while the intellectual and poetic content of the works was as good as completely ignored. Here, too, interest was concentrated on those elements which are detachable, which have no fictional position, no humanitarian or social tendency, but which can be developed as techniques. It must, however, be emphasized even here that technique and experiment which in art are not tied as in science to purposes or controllable achievements, are compensated by moral consideration and express a definite conviction. Thus, the reserved style of Kafka becomes a moral example for the younger writers.

When a little group of postwar writers today calls itself "progressive," basically it does not mean progress which is either historic or social, nor any progress which is based on development. The concept has cast itself free from every background of meaning of this kind and denotes a position which is free of the idols and the conceptions of the past which are dragged along anxiously or out of habit. Progress consists accordingly in the purification of the consciousness, which is not only materially carried out, but also furnished with a moral credit. Not only did the general situation after 1945 force the younger writer to revise his opinions, concepts, and images and to undertake a purification, he also sensed no need of joining on anywhere else; for example, of taking up again the revolutionary or humanitarian tendencies of the 20's, because these appeared to him severally and individually to be

historically encumbered. There can scarcely ever have been an epoch in the history of German literature which was so free of historical reminiscences, which had so freely at its disposal the past in the form of patterns and structures, and which was so little bent on clarifying its relationship to its predecessors.

If we investigate the reasons, the lack of a sense of history and the lack of intellectual solidarity will no longer appear so strange. Since about 1900 the center of gravity of critical judgment has shifted more and more to the intensity of the artistic achievement. Intensity arises from the tension between the ordering spirit and the motivating force. Paul Valéry presents in his essay of 1894 ("Investigations into the Methods of Leonardo da Vinci"), the universal artist, thinker, and engineer of the Renaissance as a phenomenon of tension. Ernest Robert Curtius in his *Balzac* attributes the range of the *Comédie Humaine* to the intensity of his creative energy. Walter Benjamin believes in the intensity of critical progress. The contradiction between reason and life is affirmed in the name of force. "Life is that which cannot be transferred. It is [the] historical Fate," says Ortega y Gasset. "Life is a precious absurdity," says Pérez de Ayala. "We are at once reasonable and unreasonable. What a contradiction!"

Still, a characteristic of this intensive tension between the spirit and the individual, between logical reason and vital un-reason in the period between 1900 and 1930 is that it is projected into the past. The framework of historical knowledge was radically removed or newly erected in the name of the vital principle. Past events were taken into the realm of present experience and measured by the intensity of the experience. The poetical integration of the dramas of Aeschylus, Calderón, Molière, Raimund and Goldoni by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the amalgamation of the family history with the irrational life principle of Schopenhauer, in Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, the romantic legend of Cain and the rebellious angels in combination with Nietzsche's doctrine of the strong and autocratic man in Hermann Hesse's *Demian*—these and other examples, from whose abundance it is difficult to choose, show with what intensity the liberated sense of life has taken possession of the past and redetermined its order. Yet, as brightly as the treasure chest of tradition shines in the

light of a genius which has been kindled by life, to the degree that the vision of history becomes more and more dependent on the intensity of experiencing, the objective historical values sink into ruin. The more richly the panorama unfolds, the more difficult is the answer to the question: what can be done for the moment, given the exact and inalterable requirements of the momentary here and now? The intensity with which the past is seized upon, made experienceable, and transformed into a contributory force grants no security for the future, with regard to which only *one*, and then only a definite and immediate decision, can be arrived at.

The most striking characteristic of the great novels of our century I recognize in the fact that they do not reckon with the future as the dimension of our actions. This applies to *Remembrance of Things Past*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* by James Joyce, *The Magic Mountain* and the Joseph novels of Thomas Mann, *The Man Without Qualities* of Robert Musil, which, like *The Magic Mountain*, closes with the year 1914, and *The Sleepwalkers* of Hermann Broch, which closes with the year 1918. My assertion that German literature following its ideal trend developed independently among the emigrés of the Nazi era holds good for novels in which the picture of past epochs is intensified to the visionary plane. Thomas Mann created in addition to the great cyclic epic novel *Joseph and his Brothers*, the Goethe novel *Lotte in Weimar*; Hermann Broch mirrored the conflict between might and intellect in his novel, *The Death of Virgil*, which turns on the occurrence of death and brings the "I" in its naked loneliness to consciousness. Heinrich Mann forms the life of the people's monarch, *Henri Quartre*, within the framework of his epoch; Franz Werfel moves in an atmosphere of mythical historical tradition and utopian visions, Bruno Frank in the steps of Cervantes—and one could still go on.

The great reversal which we have experienced in literature since 1945 is quite universally characterized as no longer directing its intensity of artistic mastery to the past, but rather to the present situation which it strives to break through in the name of a clear decision. We observe the same phenomenon in other countries. Camus presents a city in *The Plague* which is sunk in the sleep

of custom and in which all goes well as long as one submits to custom and renounces personal wishes. Still, one day the city is afflicted by an unknown fate which forces everyone to take a personal stand, and on this basis make his decision.

The decision is made for the future. In an essay on "The Consciousness of Time in Faulkner," Sartre wrote in 1939: "The overwhelming number of the great contemporary authors: Proust, Joyce, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Gide, Virginia Woolf, has, each in his own way, tried to mutilate time. Some have deprived it of past and future in order to lead it back to the pure intuition of the moment; others have made a dead and completed memorial of it; Proust and Faulkner have simply beheaded it; they have deprived it of its future, that is, of the dimension of action and freedom." Antonio Machado expressed himself similarly as early as 1936 in his *Juan de Mairena*. Of Marcel Proust's novel, *Remembrance of Things Past*, he remarked: "*Le Temps Perdu* is in reality the age of the author, observed as a past which can not transform itself into a future if it is not re-remembered."

In German literature the break with the historical past had to be all the more sharply pronounced since here the social, and associated with it, the moralistic element (which, for example, in France even in the case of abrupt upheavals counteracts historical decline), has no shock-absorbing qualities. Chamfort wrote his maxims during the French Revolution, and the amount inherited by Sartre is frequently underrated by us.

The break with history in German postwar literature clothes itself not rarely in the figure of the Apocalypse as with Thomas Mann, Elisabeth Langgässer, Stefan Andres; contrastingly in the case of Hermann Hesse in his novel, *Das Glasperlenspiel*. The collapse of 1945 became the Last Judgment.

Two writers, Hermann Kasack and Hans Erich Nossack, both born at the turn of the century, whom chance brought together under the same roof in Potsdam directly after the First World War, have treated the theme of release from the past in a different manner: Kasack in his novel *Die Stadt hinter dem Strom*; Nossack in the story, "Nekyia."

The *Stadt hinter dem Strom* is the city of the dead, and "Nekyia" is the title of that book in Homer which narrates how Odys-

seus goes down to the underworld. Common to both writers is the style stripped of any pathos which with Kasack is kept almost archivally dry, while Nossack takes on the whispering tone of an interpreter of dreams and shadows. The language is unpictorial; it acts like an intense nervous image in the imagination of the reader. Kasack imparts most strongly the feeling which had taken possession of a certain number of Germans even during the war: that the values and ideals, the treasures and choice objects of our civilization had become untouchable as though by reason of a curse that whosoever should dedicate himself to them out of loyalty would wander in the Land of Shadows among the departed.

Nossack's position is different. Here the returnee is not a citizen of a city, a sharer in a culture whom duty holds in the city to record in a chronicle the last chapter of history. He is Odysseus who finds his mother among the oncoming shades, and is at the same time Orestes who killed his mother.

Compared with the World of Shadows, the City of the Dead is richer in that historical element which is embodied in every city. To be sure, in Kasack's novel judgment is passed on history, but the position of the writing man to portray with the word whatever terrible has happened has been rediscovered under the rubble of ideals and palaces. Camus also writes a chronicle in his novel, *The Plague*. He does not presume to indicate the final outcome.

The following passage is decisive in Nossack's story: "I speak to a being who I believe will sometime be there. I am certain that this is not merely a sick desire to escape my loneliness among the helpless shades. Sometimes the figure of this being stands clearly in front of me, and I call it, 'Thou.' Yes, I deliberately address it with 'Thou,' for then it is most visible. But then come doubts whether it is not a matter of an image which arises from my memory, from that which lies behind me and which must be regarded as gone once and for all. An image that wants to prolong its life a little longer and for this reason tries to lure me to it. To this extent we are surrounded by dangers." Here the situation is clearly described. The man to whom the past is completely lost fears that he will not make the right decision if he allows himself to be influenced by memories. The German sees his fate

so much in history that he has no more past if he divorces himself from history, which explains on the other hand why history has been so easily reconverted into the mythical for him. Whenever an epoch, however long its extent, has come full circle, it is a question of the first step which one takes beyond the epoch. Still, the "open," as Heidegger says, is vouched for by nothing. Every deed stands before a background of emptiness. Only memory is filled with shadowy life.

When the epoch enters the flow of history, at the moment of catastrophe, its individual stages stand as progressive alienation. The man's return home from history takes place with Nossack in a double form: the cycle of his adventures leads Odysseus back to his source, while it draws the matricide Orestes back to the scene of his crime.

If we strip Nossack's story of its symbolic covering, the plot content runs thus: by repetition of the guilt in an identical moment, the cycle of history is closed and at the same time, through its accomplishment and "rediscovery" of time, intimates that which lies beyond. Gerd Gaiser treats the same motif in his novella, "Gianna aus dem Schatten." Joseph K. is arrested one morning apparently without cause in Kafka's novel, *The Trial*, and in the course of the proceedings is increasingly compelled to seek his "guilt." Man in the postwar German novel is responsible for the situation in which he finds himself. History stands off to the side. It divides into "near side" of history in which the guilty deed—murder of a brother, murder of a mother—is personally atoned for, and into a "symbolic history" in which its inevitability is overcome by a free decision. The novels and stories of Heinrich Böll subsist on their tensions. The situation is presented in its inescapability. It is impermeable, narrow, sometimes overwhelming. It appears as a dungeon cell (in Edzard Schaper's novel, *Die Freiheit der Gefangenen*), or as a shell-hole no man's land in war novels by Gert Ledig and Michael Horbach. Yet it is directed to an image of what *will* be. This image will only be exposed to the man who depends upon it for life, as his true other self, only if he addresses it with plain words, sober speech, and intense purpose.

In the novel, *Sansibar oder der letzte Grund*, by Alfred Andersch, during the period of persecution the senior pastor of a

church and a communist official collaborate in an act of rescue. And here they rescue a statue which the authorities want to remove from the church, the figure of a student in a monastery school who is reading, in which the clergyman sees the concern for the sacred word symbolically represented; the functionary, on the other hand, the concern for historical principles. Still, the decision to which both feel themselves summoned, namely of rescuing the figure, is not made in the direction of the past. It is determining for that which will come to pass. In the statue of the boy reading they address a being the determination of whose fate is placed in their hands, and the more their true other self comes to the fore, the more strictly they relate the image to themselves, and the more openly they determine their real selves in it without falsification by past actions, and without spiritual compromise.

Resignation and receptiveness, which characterize the German postwar novel, can be gathered from its style and composition. The language is deprived of just as much imagery as is necessary to conjure up the future phenomenon of Man as an image. Andersch's "Reading Schoolboy" is a material metaphor. It is the "Thou" conjured up by Nossack. In Heinrich Böll's most recent novel, *Billiard um halb Zehn*, it is the Abbey of Saint Anthony which is built in the historical past and destroyed by history but which endures as an ideal for rebuilding. In the novel, *In fremder Sache* by Rolf Schroers, it is the innocent man who is arrested on suspicion of murder and for whom another man sacrifices his own innocence, for innocence is forgotten guilt.

It is possible to cite more examples. In the novel, *Die grosse Hoffnung*, by Ilse Aichinger, the desire for the purified essence and the identical alter ego of Man is the only bridge which leads from the path of destruction. Herbert Eisenreich does not find the answer in a prescribed moral compass, but by allying himself as a partner to man in his novel, *Auch in ihrer Sünde*. Walter Jens finds it in that "No" which the "world of the accused," standing under indictment and strictly indicting itself, calls out to cowardly custom and conformity.

In all these novels language is not an end in itself but a tool. It is the only means which still permits us to understand reality. To use it is to establish an order for that which is understandable

just as the physicists use symbols. It is experiment in the basic sense of the word *experiri* which echoes in the etymologically related words of *Fahrt* and *Gefahr*; "journey" and "danger." It is experience made wary which sets out on an untried way. It is distrustful of the image which is so easily confused with reality while actually only blurring boundaries and differences. But it is intent on the image that comes of the realm of the incalculable to meet consciousness halfway, when the highest degree of exactness has been reached in language.

—Translated by P. D. FYFE

Ilse Aichinger

WHERE I LIVE*

Since yesterday I have been living one floor lower. I don't want to say it aloud, but I am living on a floor lower down. I don't want to say it aloud because I haven't moved yet. Yesterday evening I came from the concert as usual on Saturday evening and went up the stairs after I had opened the front door and pressed on the light switch. Unsuspecting, I went up the steps—the elevator hasn't been in operation since the war—and when I had reached the fourth floor, I thought, "I wish I were already there!" and leaned for a moment on the wall beside the door to the elevator. Usually when I reach the fourth floor, I feel so exhausted that I think I must already have climbed to the fifth floor. But I didn't think that this time; I knew that I had another flight to climb. So I opened my eyes again to climb the final flight and saw in the very same instant my nameplate on the door to the left of the elevator. Had I become confused and already gone up five flights? I started to look at the plate that indicated the number of the floor, but just then the light went out.

Since the light switch is on the other side of the hall, I walked the two steps to my door in the dark and opened it. My door? But what other door could it be when my name was on it? I simply must have gone up five flights.

The door opened at once and without resistance. I found the switch and stood there in the lighted anteroom and everything was as usual: the red hangings that I had long wanted to change and the bench that was pushed against them and to the left the passageway to the kitchen. In the kitchen the bread I hadn't eaten at supper still lay in the bread box. Everything was unchanged. I

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Prize-winning novelist and short story writer, Ilse Aichinger was born in Vienna in 1921. In her work the plight of modern man and the fragility of his existence are frequently treated in a surrealistic manner, in which Kafka's influence is perceptible.

cut off a piece of bread and began to eat but suddenly remembered I hadn't closed the hall door when I had come in, so I went back into the anteroom to close it.

Then I saw in the light that shone on the hall from the anteroom the plate that indicated the number of the floor. It read: Fourth Floor. I ran out, turned on the hall light, and read it again. Then I read the nameplates on the other doors. They were the names of the people who up to now had lived beneath me. I started to climb up the steps to find out who was now living on the floor with the people who previously had lived on the floor with me and whether the doctor who previously had lived below me was now really living over me, but I felt so weak in the knees that I had to go to bed.

Since then I have been lying awake and thinking about what will happen tomorrow. From time to time I am still tempted to get up and walk up and make certain. But I feel too weak in the knees, and it might happen that someone upstairs would wake up from the light in the hall and come out and ask me, "What are you doing here?" And I am so much afraid of being asked this question by one of my former neighbors that I prefer to remain lying here even though I know it will be more difficult for me to go up there in the daylight.

In the next room I hear the breathing of the student who lives with me. He is studying naval architecture and his breathing is deep and regular. He has no idea of what has happened. He has no idea of it and I am lying here awake. I ask myself whether I will ask him about it in the morning. He goes out very little and no doubt was at home while I was at the concert. He would have to know about it. Perhaps I'll ask the cleaning woman too.

No. I'll not do it. How could I ask anyone about it who doesn't ask me about it? How could I go up to a person and say to him, "Do you by chance know whether I didn't live on the floor above yesterday?" And what answer shall he make to that? My hope remains that someone will ask me, that someone will ask me tomorrow, "Pardon me, but didn't you live on the floor above yesterday?" But if I know my cleaning woman, she won't ask. Nor will one of my former neighbors say, "Didn't you live on the floor with us yesterday?" Nor one of my new neighbors. If I know them,

none of them will ask. And then there will be nothing left for me to do but to act as if I had lived all my life on the floor below.

I ask myself what would have happened if I had left the concert. But from today this question has become as useless as all other questions. I will try to sleep.

Now I am living in the cellar. It has the advantage that my cleaning woman no longer has to take the trouble to go down to get the coal. It's right next door and she seems quite satisfied with the arrangement. I suspect that she doesn't ask me any questions because things are easier for her this way. She has never been too meticulous about her cleaning, but now all the less so. It would be ridiculous to require her to wipe the coal dust off the furniture every hour. I can tell that she's quite satisfied. And the student every day goes up the cellar steps whistling and comes back again in the evening. At night I hear his deep and regular breathing. I wish some day he would bring home a girl to whom it might appear odd that he lives in the cellar, but he doesn't bring any girl home.

And nobody else asks me about it. The delivery men who unload the coal in the bins to the right and left with great clatter lift their caps and greet me when I meet them on the steps. Often they put down the sacks and remain standing until I am past them. The building superintendent also greets me cordially when he sees me before I go out the door. I thought at first his greeting was more cordial than before, but that was my imagination. When you come up from a cellar, many things take on a friendlier aspect.

On the street I stop and clean the coal dust from my coat, but only very little ever gets on it. It's my winter coat and it's dark. In the streetcar I am surprised that the conductor treats me just like the other passengers and no one moves away from me. I ask myself what it will be like when I am living in the sewer. For I am slowly reconciling myself to this thought.

Since I've been living in the cellar, I've been going to concerts again some evenings. Usually on Saturdays, but also fairly often during the week. After all, I couldn't keep from living in the cellar by not going. Now I am surprised at times at my self-

reproaches, at all those things with which I at first connected my descent. At the beginning I always thought: "If only I hadn't gone to the concert or across the street for a glass of wine!" I no longer think that now. Since I've been in the cellar, I am quite calm and go for wine whenever I feel like it. It would be senseless to be afraid of the fumes in the sewer, for then I would have to begin to be afraid of the fire inside the earth—there are too many things that I would have to be afraid of. And even if I were to stay at home all the time and not take another step on the street, one day I would be in the sewer just the same.

I ask myself only what my cleaning woman will say to that. At any rate it would relieve her from the task of airing things. And the student would perhaps change his curriculum to chemistry and climb up and down the sewer openings whistling. I also ask myself how it would be about concerts and glasses of wine. And what if the student should take it into his head just at this time to bring home a girl? I ask myself whether my rooms will be exactly the same even in the sewer. Up until now they have been, but houses cease in the sewer. And I can't imagine the division of my apartment into bedroom and kitchen and living room and student's room continuing into the interior of the earth.

But up until now everything is unchanged. The red hangings on the wall and the chest in front of them, the passageway to the kitchen, every picture on the wall, the old club chairs and the bookshelves—every book on them—the bread box and the curtains on the windows.

The windows, to be sure, the windows are changed. But until now I have usually stayed in the kitchen anyway, and the kitchen window has always opened on the hall. It was always barred. I have no reason to go to the superintendent about it and even less on account of the changed view. He could rightfully tell me that a view doesn't go with an apartment, and that the rent is governed by the size of the apartment, not by the view. He could tell me that my view was my affair.

And I am not going to see him either. I am happy as long as he is friendly. The only thing that I might say, perhaps, is that the windows have become twice as small. But then he could reply to

this that they couldn't be otherwise in the cellar. And I would have no answer to that. I couldn't say that I wasn't used to it because until recently I had been living on the fifth floor. But then I should have complained when I was on the fourth floor. Now it is too late.

—Translated by A. L. LANCASTER

Theodor W. Adorno

NOTES ON THE STATE OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION IN GERMANY*

If within a few pages one is to say something about the present state of music in Germany (and the key to this is, as always, composition), one must forgo the characterization of individual composers or schools. It is more appropriate to designate what is peculiar to the German musical situation.

Fifteen years after the fall of Hitler the question is no longer whether Germany has reached the level of international creativity, whether her composers recall the tradition of modernity in their own field, or whether they have escaped a state of barbaric, childish simplification and have at their disposal adequate technical means.

The difficulty in formulating significant critical remarks stems rather from the astonishing stylistic similarities in various countries, long since apparent in nonobjective painting. In new works worthy of serious consideration there seem no longer to be distinctive national traits by which countries might be distinguished, no musical dialects such as were developed during the course of late romanticism. Therefore one is not to seek what is specifically German in obvious stylistic features but rather in the manner of approach to material which has meanwhile become universal in its use. This is complicated by the fact that logically consistent atonality and its systematization as twelve-tone technique, a tendency considered a German and Austrian specialty during the twenty-five years prior to the outbreak of the Third Reich, have spread over the entire earth since World War II. Precisely this technique through its principle of rational musical construction caused na-

*Written by Dr. Adorno for *Shenandoah*.

Born in 1903 in Frankfurt, Adorno spent the years between 1933 and 1949 in England and the United States. He is now Professor and Executive Director of the Institute for Social Research at the University of Frankfurt. His numerous publications include books on Kierkegaard, the philosophy of modern music, Wagner, and Hegelian philosophy.

tional musical styles to vanish. The internationalization of music is a by-product of that German evolution of musical material which with its ideal of all-embracing development of themes and motifs has its roots deep in German tradition.

Relationships here can be clarified largely through reference to individuals. The Webern pupil René Leibowitz taught the Schönberg technique in Paris and so thoroughly realized its inherent dominant force that it has been accepted in France and thus for the first time outside German-speaking regions. Conversely, the extension of the Schönberg technique to serial technique and thus to the inclusion of all conceivable musical dimensions in the process of compositional construction has come from Olivier Messiaen in Paris, and from there has caused repercussions in Germany, especially through Pierre Boulez. To be sure, this extension was foreshadowed in Berg's technique of thematic rhythm and in the style of Webern's last period.

Here in Germany the older, academic tendencies and even the neo-German tendencies of Wagner's successors have meanwhile died out, just as if the narrow-minded cultural reaction of the Hitler era had filled the succeeding generation with a shame so intense as to cast suspicion on everything in vogue during those twelve disastrous years, Richard Strauss not excepted. In keeping with this attitude, the General German Society for Music,¹ supporters especially of Wagnerianism, did not resume its work after World War II. Moreover, in Germany the gravitational center of modernism shifted away from the International Society for Contemporary Music² from which many impulses had emanated between the wars. Neoclassicism of Stravinskian origin, which at that time dominated the Society's programs in such great degree, has virtually died out in Germany, perhaps because theoretical criticism here stood in such sharp opposition to it. Moreover, the monotony resulting from three decades of Stravinsky's work may have disappointed young musicians as did Hindemith's development in his later years. Only a few of the older ones, such as K. H. David, remain in the Hindemith camp; otherwise neoclassicism can still

¹*Allgemeiner Deutscher Musikverein*

²*Internationale Gesellschaft für neue Musik*

be found solely in the bogs of archaic music written for collectivistic purposes and for the younger generation and incorrectly called "young music."

The scope of the reception of twelve-tone technique causes some discomfort, however. Having lost the firm footing of traditional tonality as well as that of pseudo-objective neoclassical imitation of form, very many young composers certainly are enticed by the phantom of security in twelve-tone rows. What in truth is merely a means toward the constructive organization of seemingly chaotic material is taken by them for a "system," a kind of substitute for tonality. With regard to purely compositional substance, innumerable twelve-tone pieces are so primitive that they would not at all require a presentational means legitimate only for providing cohesion in complex and chiefly polyphonic works. When Darius Milhaud told the aged Schönberg shortly before his death of the international triumph of the twelve-tone technique among contemporary composers, the latter supposedly asked, "Well, are they also composing with it?" Actually, the unmistakable tendency is to adopt precisely that which is problematical in the twelve-tone technique, the mechanical aspect which dispenses with the composer's own productive struggle and results in inane rattling with no respect for the obligations and implications of procedure but also, and above all, without spontaneous musical impulses and tensions strong enough to make the manipulation of the rows more than a game granting one the certainty that every note, every timbre, every rest is deducible from basic material and is therefore correct. The fetishism of the row, a kind of second-rate materialistic credulity, a reliance upon mere correctness, supplants composition; means replace ends.

This danger is international. If one seeks the best coming from Germany today, it lies perhaps in the way the most gifted and responsible composers react to this danger. They acknowledge explicitly or implicitly the obligation of so maneuvering the liberated and thoroughly organized material that the composition completely adapts itself to it. A musical language completely articulated within itself is now to be derived from the serial minimum. By abandoning themselves without reservation to the material and its requirements instead of superimposing tone-row

processes upon the composition, the composers hope to extract the material's essence. Characteristic of this procedure are electronic musical works which do not merely utilize electronic sounds but seek to discover compositional structures in the nature of these sounds. Analogous and yet contrary are the experiments with the principle of accident given theoretical stimulation by Mallarmé and practical stimulation by the American John Cage. Such experiments would fain cure music of mechanical violence by surrendering to musical matter and to an extreme, even to the point of the self-extinction of subjective compositional intention.

What is specifically German doubtless may be seen in the fact that composition does not take its direction with tone-rows, series and electronic sounds as inspiration, but the total compositional structure is supposed to follow from such material without interference. In this, the advanced German music of the present, represented above all by Karlheinz Stockhausen and his Cologne circle, is the most radical by reason of the thorough formation of the material as well as its looseness, and by virtue, thus, of two opposing tendencies which converge, as is long since apparent. It is hardly far-fetched to suspect that this tendency to go to extremes is German both in grandiosity and questionability. Radicalism might well again be Germany's contribution to the music of the present as it was to that of fifty years ago. Conclusions are ruthlessly drawn from the results of development of material. Everything continuing to exist in musical language as an element of older, outdated material is eliminated. Rather than tolerate the inconsistencies and impurities of inspiration, music prefers to abandon such speech in the hope of thus hitting upon a new language.

The destination of such a pattern of thought, if it does not wear itself out in its attempt to subdue hostile, resistant musical substance, is as yet unforeseeable. So far the most important products of this conception are Stockhausen's works like the chamber composition *Zeitmasse*; *Gruppen*, set for three orchestras and concerned with the spatial dimension in composing; the mainly electronic piece *Gesang der Jünglinge*, which has meanwhile become very famous; and most recently the *Kontakte* for electronic sounds, piano and percussion. But the German tendency to the extreme

stirs even in surviving conservative schools, for instance in Carl Orff. Originally and habitually a neoclassicist, he carries simplification and reduction of means so far that real composing is abolished in favor of the erection of a kind of musical scenery for dramaturgical listening. The restorative capacity of such efforts is of course the opposite of the avant-garde's aim in Cologne and Darmstadt.

Total construction is in accord with accident in as much as thorough-constructed music faces its subject as something as strange and incommensurable as are accidental occurrences. Surely it would be naive to fail to recognize that structural objectivity, the fundamental preparation of the material, irrevocably refers back to organizational subjectivity. It is not to be doubted, however, that total constructivism, as a taboo on the subjective need for expression, is itself mobilizing counter forces in the composers. The impassioned concern with accident is simultaneously its expression. Some of the most talented German composers are meanwhile suffering so under this determinism that they are attempting to escape from it. Primary among them is Hans Werner Henze. In works like the opera *König Hirsch*, however, this attempt to escape has led not to the longed for realm of freedom, not to true *musique informelle*, but backwards to compromise. The moaning, thus, about constructivistic coercion can become merely a pretext for retreat into the more comfortable bondage of convention.

The platitude that the musical situation is an open one, that the direction of development is undecided, should be distrusted all the more, as the question of what is historically stronger and more likely to survive is not identical with the question of what is better. Nonetheless the thesis of an unclarified situation is more nearly correct than it was thirty years ago in a period when the superiority of Schönberg and his school to the conservative moderns of the time could not be concealed from men of insight. Today such concepts as musical meaning, a context that can be "followed," and the concrete logic of artifacts in their sensual appearance are themselves open to question, not simply because these categories are no longer adequate but also because doubts arise as to their former validity in as much as they might always have been harmonizing illusions. The question is whether music, and hence

art in general, is capable of surviving its present character of being "illusory" without violating its own basic idea. What is happening musically in Germany is significant because it makes this question a crucial one. The answer to it will hardly be decided in music alone but by all of society. In the opposing forces in composition today, however, actual conditions are expressed the more faithfully the less music speculates about its effect.

—*Translated by B. S. STEPHENSON*

Robert C. Goodell

UNIVERSITY AND SOCIETY IN THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC*

There has been a journalistic tendency in the Federal Republic these last few years to use the word "*Krise*" a bit carelessly. The newspapers, for example, speak of a "Theater crisis" when two or three well-known *Generalintendanten* have sharp differences of opinion with critics and city fathers, or when subscription attendance falls off. It is a measure, therefore, of the critical condition of the German university that it is not a *Krise*; it is far too somber, too threatening, and too deeply disturbing. The proper term is "public emergency" (*öffentlicher Notstand*) and it has been used flatly and forcefully by a member of the *Deutscher Wissenschaftsrat* (German University Advisory Commission), whose report on the situation is appearing this fall. The Chairman of this body, Professor Helmut Coing of Frankfurt, speaking independently, but clearly indicating the settled opinion of his colleagues, stated the brutal fact last February:

We find ourselves in an emergency situation that presents a vital threat. It can only be overcome by extraordinary financial efforts and it must be overcome within a relatively short time—at the most within 5 to 10 years—if we are not to stay forever behind the pace of international developments.

Every observer must be struck by two cardinal facts of this "public emergency" (quite apart from whatever private melancholy he may feel): 1) the complete and utter involvement of every element, ideal and real, of the German university; and 2) the problem, both explicit and implicit in the public debate, of the university's relationship to community and state. The latter question is, strictly speaking, subsumed under the former, but it is

*Written by Dr. Goodell for *Shenandoah*.

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of such special importance that it tends to win separate status. In any case, it is that aspect of the emergency that may be of particular interest to Americans, simply because the German debate throws light on, or at least spotlights from an interesting angle, a multiple-layer question we have sometimes referred to, a bit innocently, as that of the university's "service to the community."

The discussion of American and German institutions and attitudes often moves into irritating but interesting polarities, and this is nowhere truer than in the case of the university. In a recent article Victor Lange takes occasion to pay tribute to the "element of service" as a "part of the particular character of the American university." However, after some reference to the "incomparable advantages" and the "lively sense of mutual interest between the scholar's world and that of the citizen" resulting from this "service" relationship, he adds the "but" that one had been expecting; i.e., *but* the true function, the *true* service of the university consists in the scholar's pursuit of learning. He quotes the remark, attributed to Alfred North Whitehead, that the characteristic weakness of the American university is good teaching. Be that as it may, these observations are now offered somewhat parenthetically; I shall hope to make their relevance clear later.

Professor Coing and others have described the emergency as resulting from the disparity between the greatly diminished resources of the universities and the greatly increased demands made upon them. The history of the diminution goes back some thirty years. The economic depression beginning in 1929 meant much less money for development of the universities. This was serious, but the subsequent anti-intellectual policy and repressive practice of the Nazis were disastrous. In 1938 there were only 58,300 students in the Reich—not including Austria—as compared with 111,000 in 1928. This low figure—the lowest figure of the century—indicates one reason for the comparative rarity of qualified scholars and researchers in the age brackets now in their prime. The loss of the Jewish professors—and (as a coldblooded reckoning) of the students they might have trained—was even more fateful. By 1939 45% of all teaching positions at the German universities had been newly filled—by politically and racially, if not academically, re-

liable persons. Equally baneful was the enforced isolation, in work and in spirit, of German scholars from their foreign colleagues. Then the war. Apart from the decimation of the academic *Nachwuchs* (a somehow disturbing word that nevertheless pithily designates the younger generation in their role as replenishers of the various professions), there was the physical destruction—about 60%—of the university plant.

Between 1949 and 1959 the various *Länder* (states) spent about one and one-half billion marks (almost 400 million dollars) on new building alone; they established 768 new professorships (36% more than existed in 1949), greatly increased the number of *Assistenten* (147%) and strengthened the teaching staff in various other ways. But despite all this, despite the courage and devotion of professors (especially those filling the maddening office of *Rector Magnificus*), despite the generally intelligent and wise cooperation of the ministries, there is the fact of the "diminished resources" of the university. The reference is to a diminution both quantitative and qualitative and also absolute. An indication of the absolute nature of the loss may be seen in the fact that there were 3,050 full professors and 111,000 students in the Weimar Republic of 1928, whereas there were in 1958 in the Federal Republic 2,877 professors and 180,000 students. But of even greater urgency is the question of replacements for these professors. The most gifted of the younger generation are not being attracted into the academic profession in sufficient numbers, and those who do come in cannot, conditions being what they are, make the full contribution of which they are capable.

The question of what may or may not be considered "absolute" becomes idle when one begins to consider the principal "demand" factors in the equation: 1) the growth of knowledge and multiplication of disciplines; and 2) the great increase in numbers of students (about 200,000 this year, as compared with about 100,000 in 1950). The problem of *foreign* students has become particularly acute in the last two years. In 1953 there were a few more than 3,000 foreign students in West Germany; today there are about 20,000. About 1½% of the undergraduates and graduates in American colleges and universities come from foreign lands; of the students in the West German universities and technical schools

about 10% are foreigners. The influx of students (many of them ill-prepared) from the Middle East into an already bursting situation has added a political dimension to an academic impossibility. German educators and officials have been making an earnest effort not only to improve the immediate academic circumstances and regulations governing these visitors, but also to make it more likely that their experience of Western Europe will be a generally positive one. This has meant a special effort in the direction of "guidance."

I have mentioned the "complete" involvement of the university in this emergency. It is simplest to make a list: not enough space; not enough money and equipment; "too many" students; too few professorships and assistantships, and too few people qualified to fill such positions if they existed; too few universities (which is not the same as "too many" students); traditional academic structures and forms unequal to present tasks; and a creaky, undermanned and inefficient administrative apparatus. This list may be subdivided at some length.

In order to understand the emergency in its qualitative aspects one must, as in many things German, refer to history and an idea. There is much talk these days about "the idea of the German university," the "idea" that is generally connected with the name of Wilhelm von Humboldt and with the founding of the University of Berlin in 1810. The characteristics are well known: the university as a largely autonomous, self-governed institution, in which professors and students form a kind of cooperative community in the search of truth; in which the professor investigates what he pleases and the student learns what he is moved to learn—and then chiefly by participation (in various ways) in the professor's research; in which there are no prescribed "courses of study," no examinations, and no attempt overtly to marshal or guide the student's intellectual, social or moral life; in which the detour, the misstep, or even the wrong direction are considered a part of the process; in which, finally, the process that takes place—ideally—is described as *Bildung* and not *Ausbildung* (cultivation and learning, not training or preparation for a profession.)

This "idea," while enormously fruitful for scholarship and learning in Germany and throughout the Western world, was

at best only imperfectly realized in the German university itself. For generations of students, except to some degree those in the Faculty of Philosophy, the university was *de facto* a place of *Ausbildung* for a career. Nevertheless, the "idea" was a kind of formal article of faith, which informed the attitude of most students and produced a desirable tension or an undesirable gap (one can look at it either way) between what was and what should be. In any case, the myth of the university was individual, aristocratic, timeless and stateless. There was, therefore, little theoretical room for overt recognition of the function of "service" to the German community. To this must be added the fact that only a very small percentage of any German age-group ever had direct personal experience of the university. The much-cited prestige of the German professor with the masses and the classes did (one cannot now with certainty say "does") reflect a respect for knowledge, to be sure, but in the background lay considerable estrangement and even unconcern. But the real fact of the matter is that for 150 years the German university has been of incalculable importance in providing the material, the method, and the attitude that, permeating the social structure in various ways, have enabled the Germans to deal with the world with remarkable competence—and with, on occasion, a related and equally remarkable incompetence.

The most interesting aspect of the emergency is the collision of this "idea," the premises of which have to do with unconcern for institutions, plans, and preconceived purposes, with a growing public disposition to consider the university as an organ of society having a predictable and even, in a certain broad sense, controllable function to perform.

Of course, the collision is not really part of the emergency at all. It isn't even a real "collision." Rather it seems to be an interesting dialectical give-and-take between two principles, neither of which has in pure form any practical reality. It is a process which does seem to be headed for some kind of tenable middle ground. A few of the champions of the "idea" seem to rejoice all too much in spurious profundities and abstractions. Those for whom the social role of the university is perhaps all too clear have had a strong tendency to speak in the language of the "man-

aged" society, referring even—in the worst cases—to the students as being a "product" of the university. Unfortunately many of the new-style students do behave embarrassingly like products-to-be. They have an exaggerated purposefulness and security-mindedness, and appear to feel that they should be *taught* and *prepared*, with no nonsense about learning by finding one's way. The critics—some of them also young—refer to these students as "employees of the university." Strangely enough, this predilection or desire for immediate social benefits in the Federal Republic of today may have something to do with the sorry state of the universities. It has at any rate often enough been charged that education and research have suffered because of the "excessively" high percentage of the national income diverted to social purposes.

In any event, professors and educational authorities, in calling the emergency forcefully to public attention, have had to emphasize the social relevance of the university. At the same time they are honestly and conscientiously concerned to find and confirm the valid ties, the helpful and heartening connections, between the present and the past. The latter concern is, of course, a characteristic one, certainly a very important one, in the Federal Republic today. Social realities have in many cases outstripped the willingness or the ability of people to apprehend them in a meaningful relationship to the past.

The *Deutscher Wissenschaftsrat*, established in September of 1957 on the basis of an agreement between the Federal Government and the *Laender*, has clearly assumed leadership in the movement toward middle ground, clear objectives, and the marshalling of public opinion. It is a body of 39 persons comprising leading professors (16), influential figures in industry and public life (6), the Minister of Culture and Education from every *Land* but one (10), the Minister of Finance from the eleventh *Land* (1) and a State Secretary from every Federal ministry (6).

This body has not as yet published its final report but something is known of the tenor and probable direction of its eventual recommendations. There will be a clear call and demand for extraordinary financial efforts and sacrifices, accompanied by a more explicit and implicit recognition of the universities as a temporal institution involved in a relationship of mutual dependency with the community. Upon the general assumption that the

future will need a much higher percentage of well-trained and educated men and women the *Wissenschaftsrat* will almost certainly reject the tendency, popular in some quarters, to explain the present overcrowding as an "unhealthy desire for *Bildung* and prestige." To the outsider it seems probable that many even of these "unsuited" students are seeking the liberating and augmenting spirit that pervades the university even when there is no place to sit down and that is not easy to find in other, more specialized institutions of learning in Germany. And lastly, there is the awareness that the traditional structural and organizational characteristics of the German university are not necessarily the only possible expression of its "idea," that, in fact, these characteristics may actually at the present time be hindering a realization of the "idea."

There has been much discussion in recent years about the development of "centers of strength" (*Schwerpunkte*) at the various universities, concentrations based on the present existence of strength or interest and upon the recognition that, given limited men and means, a division of effect is sensible. It seems likely that the *Wissenschaftsrat* will support this idea in some form. At first glance this would seem to be a gross violation of the tradition, and it does indeed involve "managing." Although there is real opposition to this kind of planning, it is hard to say how it can be avoided. Indeed, if one thinks of the *Schwerpunkt* program as a matter to be organized by and among the universities themselves (as, for example, through the *Westdeutsche Rektorenkonferenz*), it is hard to see why it *should* be avoided. According to present plans, for example, the University of Frankfurt would specialize in English and American History, Sociology, Biophysics, and a few other disciplines, and Bonn would emphasize Oriental Studies, Nuclear Physics, Economics et al.

The *Wissenschaftsrat* is considering another proposal, which, if actually made, would be highly significant; namely the creation of many more *full* professorships (*Ordinariate*) rather than the development and extension of the middle ranks (*Extraordinariate*). This recommendation would run counter to the still prevalent weight of opinion at the universities themselves. There is still a reluctance within professional ranks generally to establish several full professorships within one discipline, but the *Wissen-*

schaftsrat is apparently convinced that modern research and education need a kind of teamwork of peers (the word "teamwork" is one of the most frequently used *Fremdwörter*). Appropriately enough, this principle has found relatively early acceptance within the field of American literature and history. That is to say, the study of *Amerikanistik*, insofar as it was undertaken at all, used to be considered something which the Professor of English or one of his *Assistenten* would fit into their schedules now and again. Now it seems generally accepted that the study of the literature written in the English language is really too vast an undertaking for one man (even if that one man were to serve only as a guide and director of such studies), and that the establishment of full professorships in *Amerikanistik* is a good, practical way of achieving this "teamwork of peers" within the general field of the literary culture of the English-speaking peoples. Parenthetically, the existing *Amerika-Institute*, which are supposed to promote and coordinate the study of America from the point of view of all pertinent disciplines, will undoubtedly gain in status and effective direction from the appointment of these full professors in *Amerikanistik*.

The fact of the matter in any case is that, if the best brains are to be attracted to university careers, more full professorships must be established and senseless obstacles to achievement must be removed. Heretofore the hierarchical structure has tended to encourage, given the other *discouraging* conditions of the past 15 years or so, only those whose chief virtues are patience and modesty. The *Wissenschaftsrat* is apparently interested in the creation of conditions in which it will generally be possible to call brilliant young men to full professorships. This would, in fact, only be a return to what was possible in the mid-nineteenth century, when the average age of *Berufung* to full professorships was much younger than it is at present.

One particularly wise and clear-sighted Minister of Education has said, "you can't really found a German university; it has to be old first." This not altogether frivolous statement indicates something of the boldness of the *Wissenschaftsrat*'s already publicized preliminary recommendation that new universities be established. It seems quite clear that there will have to be such new institutions; there has, for example, been much excited speculation and

reckoning about Bremen, Constance, and Düsseldorf. But the recommendation takes even a further step; namely, that the new universities may or should have something other than the traditional form. This suggestion has been generally welcomed, but no one has really elaborated it. When the University of Giessen was re-established in 1957 with virtually no Faculty of Philosophy, there was a great shaking of heads. It seems likely, however, that when the new universities are founded, there will be much less automatic and traditional deference to the older concept of what constitutes a university.

The *Wissenschaftsrat* will probably reject the *numerus clausus*; i.e., the introduction of admissions quotas. In other words, the answer will not lie in restricting the numbers of students, but in providing more universities, more professors, more space and better organization. It will probably also recommend the abolition of the system of *Kolleggelder*, the ancient system by which a certain portion of the students' tuition was payable to the professor. This restrictive practice, which enhanced both the power and the bank account of the full professor (chiefly in the necessarily popular subjects such as Law and German Literature) has already been abolished in some *Länder*.

In other words, out of the convulsion and confusion of the last few years a clear leadership has emerged, a leadership that is moving in the direction of forms that befit the kind of pluralistic, democratic society that the Federal Republic is, or is a part of, today. The task to be performed is a mammoth one and no one can permit himself an easy optimism about the outcome. On the other hand, it is a clear gain and a promising augury that public opinion is now so intelligently involved in the problem.

There is no easy concluding sentence. What I have said has been in the cool and apparently unconcerned manner of the foreigner as observer. It is a manner that one is virtually constrained to adopt, but one that is painfully out of phase with the somber and fateful and even gripping elements of this "public emergency." In case this disparity of manner and material has not made the point, let it be explicitly said that to listen to this debate, involving the past and future of a great institution, has been a moving and also a heartening experience.

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Hermann Kasack

MECHANICAL DOUBLE*

"A gentleman wishes to speak to you," my secretary announced. I read the calling card: Tobias Hull, B.A. Meaningless. In answer to my questioning glance: "A gentleman in the prime of life, smartly dressed."

Apparently a foreigner. Always these interruptions. Representative of some firm. Or is he? How can you tell? "Have him come in."

Mr. Tobias Hull enters with a cautious step. He puts one foot before the other as if he is afraid to walk with a firm step. Is he an invalid? I would guess he is in his middle forties. His clean-shaven, not unappealing face radiates great friendliness. Dressed very correctly, his obliging movements almost too exact, it seems to me. Well, we'll see. Pointing to a chair, "To what do I owe the honor of your visit?"

"Oh! I just wanted to introduce myself."

"Glad to meet you," I say.

"Oh! you understand!" This "oh" pronounced with a slightly whining tone is inimitable. His tired, somewhat monotonous voice has a trace of a foreign accent. He looks at me in friendly expectation.

A little astonished, really, at the manner of his visit, I repeat, "Glad to meet you. But may I ask you? . . ."

Here his "oh" interrupts me. "Please don't ask me." And then he begins to tell his story, which apparently he has told a hundred times before. "You see, I'm stuffed!"

The peculiar being that stares at me with a superior expression pays no attention to my objection but continues unperturbed.

*Reprinted (in translation) by permission of the author.

Native of Potsdam (born 1896), poet and literary critic, Kasack is probably best known for his prize-winning surrealistic novel, *Die Stadt hinter dem Strom* (1947). In 1953 he became President of the *Deutsche Akademie für Sprache und Dichtung*.

"Don't be alarmed that I am a kind of automaton, a machine in human form, a substitute, so to speak. Mr. Tobias Hull really exists. The head of a great factory producing mechanical doubles. I am, well, his projection, his publicity agent. Naturally I can't explain the details of my mechanism to you. A trade secret, you understand. But when you remember that nowadays most people live, act, and think according to a stereotyped pattern, you will at once grasp the basis of our theory. Heart and mind are eliminated in us, the things that so often produce the upsetting complications of life. Routine takes the place of everything for us. Quite clear, isn't it?

I nodded, disconcerted.

"Oh, My insides are a system of electrical currents, automatic levers, magnificent! An arrangement of antennas that reacts to the most delicate vibrations. It allows me to perform all the functions of a human being, in fact, in a way even more. You can see yourself how well I function.

Dubious and suspicious, I examine the strange creature. "Impossible!" I say. "A juggler's trick. Very remarkable. Nevertheless . . ."

"Oh! I can make myself understood in seven languages. For example, when I twist the top button of my vest, I speak fluent English, and if I touch the next button I speak fluent French, and if I . . ."

"That is really astonishing!"

"Oh! To a certain extent, but above all it's convenient. Do you wish a conversation about the weather, about motion pictures, about sport? About politics or abstract painting? Almost all subjects and words of modern man are on hand in me. I can also unroll a coil of platitudes. It's all ingenious, comfortable, and practical. How pleasant it will be for you as soon as you have a mechanical double of yourself, or better, if you have two copies of yourself available. You could take various business trips at the same time, attend several conferences, be seen everywhere and still sit quietly at home. You have a representative of yourself, who can probably handle your business better than you can yourself. You will earn twice as much and can avoid many of life's unnecessary chores. Your existence is multiplied. You can die

without its being noticed. For we automatons draw our existence from every contact with real men."

"But then human beings will gradually become entirely superfluous."

"No, just for this reason. Two automatons are not much good by themselves. Well, do you have an order for me?"

With a sudden jerk the creature jumped up and rushed to and fro in the room.

"Oh! We can also regulate our speed. Famous racing drivers and runners keep doubles who constantly increase their records."

"Fantastic! Soon you won't know if you have a human being or an automaton before you."

"Oh!" he hissed in my ear, "we will never figure out the ultimate secret of nature. Well, may I have a duplicate of you manufactured? There are no special complications in the way you are put together; that makes it easier. The capital you invest will certainly pay off. A gentleman will come to take your measurements tomorrow."

"The demonstration of your existence was indeed amazing, however . . ." Words failed me and I pretended to be considering it.

"However, do tell me this. Now will the gentleman who is to come tomorrow be an automaton or a real human being?"

"I suppose a real human being. But it would be all the same. Good-bye."

Mr. Tobias Hull was gone. I had not just imagined him, my secretary is my witness. But something must have happened to this gentleman immediately after his visit to me, for no one came to measure me for a double either the next day or any other day. At least by this account, however, I hope to attract the attention of the Tobias Hull Company again.

But after that conversation I'm sure of one thing. Since then I have met many people in the theater and at the movies, at meetings and at social gatherings, in clubs and at restaurants, who certainly were not themselves but already their mechanical doubles.

—Translated by W. W. PUSEY

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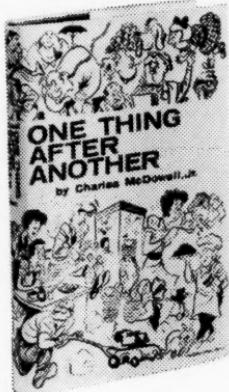
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